

touching the alienation of TITHES 27

4. If I conceived you to be so carnall a father (but I dare not thinke you are such a one) I should turne my speech from you to your sonne, had I opportunity to speake with him, and exhort him not onely to serve Christ, but to suffer for him, in the words of Hierom to Heliodorus, rather to tread upon you, if you should lye as a blocke in his way, then to make a stop, or to retire from following after Christ, though in zeale and haste he should overtake the Crosse; for in such a case it is a kind of piety (saith he) to shew cruelty towards our chiefeest friends.

Licet in limine pater jaceat, per calcatum verge patrem sicis oculis ad vexillum crucis evola. Hieron. ad Heliodor. Tom. 1.

Thus, as my little leisure would allow me, I have endeavoured to satisfie your desire in resolving your doubt, and I hope that I have written will reach a little further then you thought of, even to the settling of your resolution to dedicate your sonne to the service of our Saviour; and to serve him upon such tearmes whatsoever they be, as the Divine providence in the condition of the times shall put upon him, and so you have my advice, and you shall have my prayers for you and yours.

P. 2. Genus pietatis est in hac re crudeliter esse. Ibid.

FINIS.

The Proceſſion.

A *Ballad*
P O E M *93.*

O N

Her Majesties
FUNERAL.

By a Gentleman of the Army.

Munere ——— *Fungar inani*
————— *Virg.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for *John Whitlock* in *Amen-Corner* near *Stationers-Hall.* 1695.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Lord CUTTS.

My Lord,

Compassion which gives us a more sweet, and generous touch, than any other concern that attends our Nature, had at the Funeral-Procession so sensible an effect upon ev'n Me, that I could not forbear being guilty of the Paper with which I presume to trouble your Lordship. For what could be a more moving consideration, then that a Lady, who had all that Youth, Beauty, Virtue, and Power could bestow, should be so suddenly snatch'd from us? A Lady that was serv'd by the Sword, and celebrated by the Pen of my Lord Cutts. Though indeed, if we rightly esteem'd things, we should lament for our own sakes, not Hers; so Poor a thing it is to make an Evil of that, which is certainly the kindest Boon of Nature, our Dissolution. But the Men of Honour are not so ungratefull to their Friend Death, as to look at him in the ghastly dress the World gives him, of Rawbones, Shackles, Chains, Diseases, and Torments; they know that he is so far from bringing such Company, that he relieves us from 'em. So little is there in what Men make such Pother about, and so much is it an Irony to call it brave to expire calmly, and resolution to go to rest. This

The Epistle.

is no News to your Lordship, whom Death has so often allur'd with the Glory of Dangers, and with the Beauty of Wounds, I'll not be so Poetical to say, your Muse hover'd about you, and sav'd you inspite of the many you have receiv'd, but am sure, I may say, she'll preserve you, when you can receive no more: For Apollo is a Physician ev'n after Death: As to my Verses, all, methinks, on the Dead Queen ought to be address'd to your Lordship; who, in the Dedication of your own Works, best adorn'd her Living; if Good for your Entertainment, Bad for your Pardon; if, when these are thrown aside, an Eye cast upon 'em introduces the mention of so excellent a Princess, where otherwise She had not been spoken off, I have my full end; nor do I think I come late on a Subject, which all Good Men will Eternally dwell upon; I am sensible how short I have fall'n of expressing the gracefull concern of some Honourable Personages, whose Names I have presum'd with; I design'd 'em only an oblique Commendation, and nam'd 'em for the very Reason they walk'd at the Funeral, which was not to show themselves, but to do Honour to the Queen. But should it prove any way offensive, I hope to shun their, and your Lordship's Resentment by the concealment of my name, and borrow the unknown Knight's device, in Sir Philip Sidney, of the Fish Sepia, which when catch'd in the Net, casts a black Ink about it, and so makes it's escape. This thought, my Lord, checks the fervent Ambition I have long had, of expressing my self, My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Passionate Admirer

March 19. 1694.

And Most Devoted Humble Servant.

(5)

The Proceſſion.

P O E M

O N

Her MAJESTIES

F U N E R A L .

TH E days of Man are doom'd to Pain and Strife,
Quiet and Eaſe are *Foreign* to our Life;
No ſatisfaction is, below, ſincere
Pleaſure itſelf has ſomething that's *ſevere*;
But long the fickle wayward *Britiſh* Iſle
Did with *faſe* Mirth and Joy itſelf beguile;

To

(2)

To wild Excess their Frantick Humours fly,
While *WILLIAM's* *flowing* Fortunes bouy 'em high:
But a chill Damp, and Faintness seize on all,
By Dread *MARIA's* *Universal* Fall:
Their usual Luxury all Orders leave,
With Joint-consent to be their Selves, and Grieve.

From distant homes the *Dying Nations* come,
A *Mourning World* t' attend her to her Tomb:
The Poor, Her First and Deepest Mourner's are,
First in Her *Thoughts*, and Earliest in Her care;
All hand in hand with common Friendly Woe,
In Poverty, our *Native State*, they go:
Some whom unstable Errors did engage,
By Luxury in Youth, to need in Age:
Some who had Virgin Vows for Wedlock broke,
And where, they help expected, found a *Troke*;
Others who labour with the double Weight
Of Want, and Memory of a *Plenteous State*;
There Mothers Walk who have oft despairing stood,
Pierc'd with their Infants *deafning* sobs for Food;
Then to a Dagger ran, with threatening Eyes
To stab their Bosoms, and to hush their Cries;
But in the thought they stopp'd, their Locks they tore,
Threw down the Steel, and Cruelly forbore:

The

The Innocents their Parent's Love *forgive*,
 Smile at their Fate, nor know they are to *live* :
 These modest wants had ne'er been understood,
 But by *MARIA's* *Cunning* to be good ;
 None on their State now cast a Pitying Eye,
 Hear their Complaints, or will their Want supply ;
 They move as if they went, (so deep's their moan)
 Not only to Her Grave, but to their own ;
 That were relief, but coming Days they mourn,
 Oppress'd with Life, and *fearful* to *return*.

With *Dread* concern, the *Awful* Senate came,
 Their *Grief*, as all their Passions, is the *same*.

The next *Assembly* dissipates our Fears,
 The *Stately Mourning* Throng of *British* Peers ;
 There, is each Member skill'd, and able known
 For ev'ry weighty Purpose of a Throne ;
 T' adorn, or to defend their Native Isle,
 Or Jarring Neighbour States to reconcile ;
 But most from *Ormoud's* Port our Souls we chear,
 And Hecatombs expect for every Tear :
 For to the Foe is certain Vengeance sent,
 When Heroes *suffer*, and the Brave *lament* ;

To

To one their every Character may fall,
Sommer's, th' implicit Man that speaks 'em all,
 That *comprehensive* Man unskill'd in naught,
 With all the Arts of Learn'd Assemblies fraught ;
 Ready his Wit, his Language Free and *Pure*,
 His Judgment Quick and Sudden, yet *mature* ;
 He can their different Powers at once dispense,
 So justly is he form'd to *speak their Sense* :
 But now Dumb Sorrow represents 'em more,
 Then e'er his Powerful Eloquence before,
 Though when his Lips with their known Rhet'rick flow,
 The *World's* as *silent*, as himself is now.

Now all are Past, yon Wondrous Man appears,
 We yield to *Gay Distress* and comely Tears :
Villars ! a Name design'd by Nature Chief,
 T' invite to *Joy*, or reconcile to *Grief*.
 The Grofs of Men were to course Uses Born,
 But Heav'n made them Creation to *adorn*,
 With mix'd disturb'd Delight by all is seen,
 His *Moving Manner*, and his *Speaking meen* ;
 Rage, Pity, and Disdain at once we trace,
 In the *distracted* Beauties of his Face ;
 We measure his each Step, each Motion Scan,
 The *Grief* of Woman ! but the *Strength* of Man !

To such an Heighth his swoln Afflictions grow,
 H' inspires the Steed he leads with Humane Woe;
 The *Generous* Beast looks back to's Purple side,
 And now *laments* what was before his *Pride* :
 No more at Voice of Warring Musick bounds,
 He feels *New Passion* as the Trumpet sounds ;
 Nor knows what Power, his Courage stole away,
 But heaves into big *Sighs* when he would *Neigh*.
 Here at a stand our weary'd Sorrow seems
 Rack'd with new Forms, and tortur'd with Extremes;
 E'er this sad Triumph past we found relief,
 Continu'd anguish lost the sense of Grief;
 But still the Chariot fainting force supply'd,
 Anew we all reviv'd, anew we dy'd ;
 Grief did all bounds ambitiously deny,
 Swell'd every Breast, and melted every Eye.
 Lo! Death himself ! See him Triumphant ride!
 Lo! the *Grim Being* moves with sullen Pride ;
 His Jaws are glutted for th' ensuing Year,
 He'll shun our Cities, and our Armies *spare* :
 The Ladies plac'd on high with looks deject,
 With down intended looks our Souls direct.
 Gold, Purple, Tissue, *Crowns Enchant* the sight,
 And move our Grief, that us'd to give *Delight* :

There drowfie Gems, their Nature know no more,
 But gather *Darkneſs* now, as *Light* before ;
 There all that's Bright i' th' *Widow'd* World is ſeen,
 Too faint t' expreſs, ev'n the *Departed Queen*.

No Mortal Beauty yet recalls an Eye,
 The neareſt Mourners paſs neglected by ;
 But as the Ladies March, the lengthening row
 Inſpires a more familiar *Kindly Woe* :
 Sure that's the Region of departed Loves,
 Such *Gloomy Day* enlight's th' Elyſian Groves ;
 One Univerſal Face their Paſſion wears,
 But *Darby's ſmother'd Sighs* and *Guſhing Tears*,
 In Her Affliction takes an abject State,
 Something ſo humbly *Low*, yet very *Great* ;
 No ſingle Cauſe ſo *different Grief* cou'd ſend,
 She Weeps as *Subject*, *Servant*, and a *Friend* :
 To cloſe the Pomp the Fair Attendant Maids,
 Appear *true Angels* drefſ'd like *fancy'd Shades* ;
 Their Grief imparts t' unpitied Lover's eaſe,
Sadly they Charm, and *dismally* they Pleaſe :
 Their clouded *Beauties* ſpeak Man's gawdy ſtrife,
 The glittering *Miſeries* of Humane Life.

Who

Who that these passing Obsequies had seen,
 Would e'er believe this were that *very Queen* ;
 That *very Queen*, whom Heav'n so lately gave
 A *Crown*, in the same Place where, now, a *Grave* !
 I see Her yet, Nature and Fortune's Pride,
 A *Scepter* Grac'd her Hand, a *King* her Side,
 Coelestial Youth and Beauty did impart,
 Prophetick Vision to the coldest Heart :
 We saw her Children should succeed her sway,
 And *future Monarchs* round her Table Play.
 Her People's Acclamations rend the Skies,
 The ecchoing Firmament returns their Cries.
 She unconcern'd and careless all the while,
 Rewards their loud applauses with a *Smile*,
 With easie Majesty, and *Humble State*,
 Smiles at the *trifle Power*, and knows its date.
 What being prov'd so furiously enclin'd,
 For that Sh' *each Day assum'd*, each Night *resign'd* ?
 So short a Period to Her Glories giv'n,
 The *Crime* of Fate, and the reproach of Heav'n !

But now the Pomp to th' sacred Abbey's led,
 The Wide *Capacious Palace* of the Dead ;
 The Glaring Lamps disturb their *usual Night*,
 They half awaken'd with th' intruding Light.

Souls